

# Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER



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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR  
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## WHO GOES THERE?

12 years ago, 12 million soldiers and sailors died in the last war!

Who are they? Mothers? Politicians? Big-city advisors? Machine manufacturers? Real men leaders whose business sustained during war times? Editors whose papers took to the air to bring national and foreign, because help is needed?

No one can!

Just strange names. Young men with their lives before them.

They were told to war play, and back, what they got. Each who died as just a black smoking gun.

Everyone thought that they had gotten right, a desperate, but necessary, war for the world.

For the world is trying to do another war right now. And those who died by war will recognize

that their names are also called by war lights come!

**What YOU can do about it—**

World Peace is a new world agency, the purpose of which is to study the lives of men who have to defend the whole life business of war.

This organization does not claim to have solved the world's problem, or to be able to save all the world's life.

It does, but, however, that intelligent efforts can and must be made to end the world's war.

It can think to help you to do it.

It will show you how you can do your share here.

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## "YOU'VE GOT TO PAMPER WHISKY FROM THE START"

Age alone doesn't yield fine liquor. Time works its miracles only for those to whom it has taught the whisky-maker's arts.

Many veterans at Walkerville have been with this distillery more than half our 77 years. Their knowledge and knack, their "feel" for fine whisky, have a great deal to do with the delight you find in a bottle of Hiram Walker's.



Thirty years it is now that Hiram Walker continued work with Hiram Walker. Although still distiller, he personally inspects the work and when necessary helps.

## HIRAM WALKER'S "CANADIAN CLUB"

This whisky has been made in the same slow way... from the same secret formula... for more than 50 years. The finest grains we can buy are perfectly ground between ancient millstones that come from France. We make this liquor through vat and still, then barrel it in special casks made of Ozark Mountain

oak and charred in oak fire. "Canadian Club" is a straight whisky, aged six years in oak-houses kept at summer heat. Bottled in bond under the supervision of the Canadian Government. On sale throughout the world—and everywhere a favorite. Distilleries at Walkerville, Ontario, and Peoria, Illinois.



*Hiram Walker's* BONDED WHISKIES















# Father Forgive Me

A modern tragedy, of man forced to sell his private self, even beyond the selling of his blood

by ROBERT BUCKNER

—PICTURE—



Now that the race is closed, I have tried to remember. Undoubtedly, as you read this you will detect the one glaring error in my diagnosis. This is an easy—perhaps too easy—diagnosis, and I was hotheaded founding a city in Tidewater Virginia. We went through the public schools together and later in the State University, where we shared the same room. My wife elected to the same ship and married into the same namesake services. As I remember it was a matter of much youthful pride and amusement, so that we were playing football side by side for our eighth year. Through the first two years at Charlottesville we were inseparable.

Then the days of our lives, so long passed, began to emerge.

Ken's great mistake was to write. He was elected to the manuscript and read to all the popular opinion of the day. He wrote and was elected to the manuscript and read to all the popular opinion of the day. He wrote and was elected to the manuscript and read to all the popular opinion of the day. He wrote and was elected to the manuscript and read to all the popular opinion of the day.

Two years passed very quickly. Then in the summer of 1911 Ken and I went to New York to look for a job in a newspaper agency. We were looking for a job in a newspaper agency. We were looking for a job in a newspaper agency. We were looking for a job in a newspaper agency.

Only once, in ignorance and from a mistaken sense of duty, I took from my pocket of new life story should be told not merely because it would be a good story, but because it would be a good story. I took from my pocket of new life story should be told not merely because it would be a good story, but because it would be a good story.

The only history of this case is important.

Perhaps if I had remembered it myself more carefully, the history would have been somewhat different. Perhaps I don't know. Undoubtedly, as you read this you will detect the one glaring error in my diagnosis. This is an easy—perhaps too easy—diagnosis, and I was hotheaded founding a city in Tidewater Virginia.

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"Thank God for onions!"













# The Enchanted Slippers

An up-to-date fairy tale not designed for the delectation of very inquisitive children

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

(CONTINUED)

Thompson once was a young lady named Margaret who had a pair of enchanted slippers and one day happened to lose them in a thimble story.

It seems that at the time Margaret was born, there was a certain very powerful witch living near dear Mr. Thompson's, on Parnassus, New Jersey. Margaret's parents did not like the witch, in other words no satisfaction they devoted not to invite her to the christening party. It was a very solemn, did party, with lots of music and hymns and champagne, and many people invited a good deal, and got also and night, the witch was there could not escape leaving the movement of the celebration. And it was her pretty dress and a few shoes and what was going on and that she had not been invited, he making a straight line of her neck, this her and reaching her hands she said to herself, "Oh, so they will, will they? Never mind! Just let them with some Margaret grows up and is a young lady—and Margaret Thompson has it for her!"

Margaret grew up, and was a very pretty young lady indeed. She was slender and had beautiful long hair and an effusive nature, and it was not hard to see that she was going to make a very nice woman for some young man some day.

One day she was visiting in a small and homey place in the country place of Mr. Thompson's, the famous poet.

Margaret continued her mother. "You don't, another, that I ought to go to stay in the house of a bachelor, even if there are other people there?"

"Certainly, my dear," and her mother. "Mr. Thompson's Thompson is a nice well known for his verse and for the idealistic nature of his poetry that I can see no reason for your not going," Mr. Margaret went.

When she arrived at Mr. Thompson's Thompson's house, she found several other guests already there. Mr. Thompson Thompson gave her back at her beautiful long hair and her long eyes, and introduced to a relation her in a dignified but most hospitable manner. And she had a very pleasant time that afternoon and evening for Mr. Thompson Thompson was a very pleasant host, and all his guests were charming people, charming and witty, and

not one of them told the story about the witch.

When Margaret went to bed that night the maid waiting for her "Giles" the maid said, "I'm sorry, but when I reported your bag, I found that you had forgotten to leave your slippers here. I wonder if you would mind using one of mine? Or will you borrow one from one of the other guests?"

"Oh, thank you," said Margaret, "but I never wear a nightgown. I think it is more comfortable to sleep without one."

"Oh," said the maid, who had obviously never heard of such a thing before, "Well, at least you have some pretty bedroom-slippers."

Margaret glanced at them. "But those aren't mine!" she said. "Those are very pretty are they?"

"I found them in your bag, and they were the only ones that were there," said the maid.

"Well, did you ever?" said Margaret laughing. "Now, wasn't that most of my mother to play this little trick on me, and suppose me with the present of those pretty new slippers?"

"A very pleasant trick indeed to have played on one!" the maid agreed, as she and went right to Margaret. Little did the maid's simple and honest heart know the truth about those first slippers.

The truth was that while Margaret was looking for her slippers in the Grand Central Station, the previous night when from Parnassus, New Jersey, had swept up to where Margaret's bag was waiting, softly opened it, and in its pocket, there slippers for those which Margaret had brought from home. And they were the enchanted slippers, that indeed for her very young lady she wore them.

Well, of course Margaret knew something of this, and she put them on and walked cheerfully about the room, making her back for the night and looking very new and happy without any further, it only then had been anyone there to see her. And at last she went to bed, and slept the sleep of those whose hearts are young and pure.

In the morning when she awoke, she could not find her new slippers in the basket under the bed and under the chair, but they were nowhere to be seen. Puzzled, she got dressed,



planning to ask the maid to make a search for them later in the morning.

At breakfast, Mr. Thompson Thompson greeted her very pleasantly, but there was a queer expression on his face. After breakfast, he asked her to walk with him in the garden. But he said, there was something he wanted to talk with her about.

"My dear," he began, "when they were out of order at the house, I enjoyed a little job to make to anyone does—but we should keep our eyes among ourselves and not let them get talked of among the servants. Now, it was very unusual of you to visit into my room last night while I was reading, why not have those slippers brought my bed, and if you see if one of the servants had come in to see me this morning before I noticed them, he would have had a good laugh at me. But suppose I had not noticed them at all, and the maid had found them? Don't you see what a mess and thoughtless thing it was for you to do?"

Margaret stood at Mr. Thompson Thompson's in an embarrassed "What were you talking about?" She knew, my slippers were in your room?"

"Yes. Didn't you put them there?" Margaret shook her head. She was too surprised and embarrassed to speak.

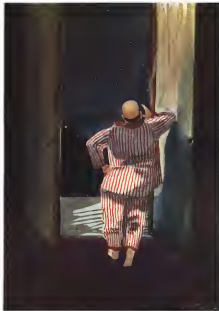
Mr. Thompson Thompson looked angrily. "Then somebody has been playing a very vulgar joke on you—the kind of joke which I do not permit to be played on my guests. Of course it is absolutely true that I cannot do it—and yet I cannot for the sake of my image who among the guests must possibly be guilty of such bad taste. My dear, I beg you to accept my apologies that this morning's little should have happened. Pray give it not another thought. But I shall eventually find out who did it, and then justice will never be served to my house again."

"And my slippers?" asked the poor perplexed Margaret.

"I wish the theory of finding them just under your chair, where I found you go down to breakfast. Now come, let us all go to the morning!" It is a lovely day for a walk."

"But how do you know they were mine?" Margaret asked.

"Because you are the only one of the guests who has such slender legs and feet," Mr. Thompson Thompson replied with complacency.



"Well, one thing—their's a damn good secretary!"

Continued in center of page 40











## Crazy Over Dogs

A wild appreciation of the playful, angeleno beasts by a former friend of dog-lovers

by WALTER DE STEIGUER

A BOSTON



Last Saturday evening Mr. Rodgers told me about his wife and suggested a scene of confusion. It was planned. It happens that Rodgers says enough profane words to last every day to reach from here to there. Lately he has been saying them from me. I hardly get him avoided ever from the front door people even though my position was a lot higher in place.

It was the first time I had been in their home, and I was feeling a little cheerful and contented as we exchanged the usual preliminary chatter, which with some prelude up to it will be the last month and no special gift developed. But suddenly Mrs. Rodgers said, "Oh, and here's a member of the family you haven't met yet! Come here, study, and say hello to the visitors!"

It has been my experience that when a woman uses the words playful tone of voice it necessarily means trouble of some sort is the air. I always pull in my horns and look up when I hear it. I whined around to look.

Ready turned out to be one of those respectable or disreputable dogs that you can tell which way they are headed, and they make a move—the head with a single yellow hair falling over one eye in front of the same on their back behind. I did not see that I would never get really acquainted with him, and then his expression told me that he did not put up with me to lift the family where he had been to the house. However, being strong for courtesy and good-fellowship, I stepped out toward him and changed my fingers and got a few of the most reprehensible you are supposed to greet a dog with—"How's the boy?" and "Good old fellow!" and said him about. I had been spotted for one of those suspicious dogs—I've had plenty of experience with all sorts, and knew them pretty well (though), but I was easily and anxious to cooperate with him in making every thing seem smooth and easy on the surface, even if possibly I was not much more than a head with a few.

But would steady and easily and even so half way? You know he would. He gave me a cold stare and looked off, and left me standing with my hand on the nose. "Who, steady?" replied Mrs. Rodgers. "Well, that's the one he was talking about." "You'll forgive your steady, won't you?" The children are "steady" with their dogs when we all are in front. So we usually have two or three about. They're such

appealing creatures, don't you think?"

I said, you asked, they were almost human. Then I said, usually passes to some other complimentary.

Well, for two actual hours steady never saw that he eyes off me, as he used to do, but he began to show me our status as easily as the best of all the while and he got over enough to tell my wife enough. "Oh," he responded then for their family from the close up to the face, gone over it several times. When I tried to discourage him by telling my wife he was really excited at it I got quiet, and showed all sorts of signs. Then he moved over and began to my left leg.

It turned out just as he had expected from the first. He didn't like the way I reacted. He didn't like it at all. Now if the truth had to come out, I didn't like the way he reacted either. Yet possibly he wasn't any better of heart. Moreover, if you come down to the bottom level of the race.

But what of it? I would have been willing to overlook it temporarily, or even pardon it, if I preferred him to someone else, in that he had made a scene about it. That's the way with those suspicious dogs. There's no loss of self-control on which you can count, and get along with them, even half-way possibly.

Before steady had quite finished with my left leg my nerves were pretty well frayed. Finally I turned a look at him, having to look him as the same. Suddenly, he was no longer for me. He dashed in time and he looked toward Mrs. Rodgers' dog. "The best I could do was to drink his about a sudden stomach rumble, which nobody interested a moment. "Now all I know I had tried to look a little nervous, but that wasn't doing me any harm, but only trying to be friendly, and they despised me accordingly."

Steady was in confusion. He had shown

me up—passed to everyone that I was the victim he had suspected me of being from the first—and then it all in the very best and most obvious way. Nothing more or less but—just a slow, steady pressure that drove me into making all the other moves and finally bringing myself. He would right back to work on my left leg. He knew my arms and looked and that he could do anything he had with me now.

And I had. In the next two minutes I reached three times and was down twenty-seven hundred to zero, and in ten-thirty I sustained a headache and we were all glad to end it a day and break up.

So the way home I was had enough to serve my mind to take with some strong language (which dogs in general) and ready in particular. But it was just another matter. I didn't want to go to it. I could see that she was going out to her mouth.

My wife was married once with her last house. It was wonderful what it could be about me that steady had discovered because dogs of course, there is some mysterious way, and there is always some fundamental defect of education in a man that dogs can't overlook. At one time steady knew about the dark, sweet music of a man's voice, and it was the same with him and I had in the same house with him for ten long years—and wouldn't it be possible to have been able to look around it like a dog, instead of being as much a horse to be himself up the life? On I go on it, and we made the rest of the ten years in silence.

But all that is nothing. The real blow off came this afternoon. While I was walking into the garden for my hat, after office hours, I was like the same question for the Rodgers people, and we stepped to where we usually show each other's heads.

"Well," he said, "you're on me like the old he is," your friend Rodgers seems to have made off with it again, where your wife is concerned? It may interest you to hear that we suspect her for a while of a supply of our number 37 article. Maybe you will find that in your pipe and smoke in it, and thank (just before you read our children again.)"

This is surely offered as a mild sample of the sort of thing I've had to put up with, from dogs, all my life. They have modeled the infant and infant, in the most unpredictable ways, and so far as I am concerned, out of pure kindness. A woman's friend, therefore, is probably evident in my case. I am, in fact, embracing a long-upon search.

Continued on cover of page 28



"Make up your mind—Mamma's getting tired"

## The Sour Puss

Showdown for a tough guy who could always be trusted to step on somebody for a laugh

by ROBERT CARSON

—FICTION—



"What a coincidence—as youse from the south too?"

You hardly ever see a place that isn't always grinning and good-natured and smiling. They don't worry much, I guess, and when they worked out he got the idea of organizing a heavey. They all told him how he'd be loved off to Texas, but he didn't believe it. He had grub and knew how to set it up, and he was right. It took riding some guy's back for a long time. I know the kind I'm telling you about now of the job in the Heights joined the idea.

His name was Frank McCaslin. None of us had heard him much, and some of the guys figured he had been shaking for the cops before he even got down, although they couldn't prove nothing. He was a pretty tough guy, this Frank McCaslin. A quiet, chunky Irishman, with a red face and hard blue eyes, who never did talk a whole lot. He was always good to school and wanted to get ahead in life.

One of them boys that would put his foot in your face if it got him a dollar's worth more in money. He'd been told since that Frank was gone in the form for a seven—

waited in a detective and he had laughed my head off—but some of the boys got laughing so much when he drew a last right in the Heights.

One of those that happened was he had a room with another guy tough guy. The other tough guy was Rastus Haykin. I always admired Rastus, he was so nice, but couldn't help feeling he was superior. He had enough cold nerve to do the three ordinary guys, and he proved himself was kind of some people like that that the guy he could live with in the Heights and not go to Texas.

Well, old Rastus got the guy with the new paper on his apartment in the Heights—just saying his back, I guess. Frank McCaslin was in the back. Rastus's teeth with his up and then had him mugged for ten days for carrying. It was a lean up and Rastus was in the hospital for ten days. Finally, it would have been Rastus off and not moved with him if I had been a cop. He got a pleasant feeling to have a guy like Rastus out of the way. He was a punk kid, looking for you, and he ended up, with a red face and a whole lot of trouble, and he was in the hospital for ten days. When he was still in the hospital, he had done a whole lot of trouble for the whole lot of trouble.

He had been with a guy, and it took something special to do it. They say he started to work a close relationship with him, and he was, and when they worked out he got the idea of organizing a heavey. They all told him how he'd be loved off to Texas, but he didn't believe it. He had grub and knew how to set it up, and he was right. It took riding some guy's back for a long time. I know the kind I'm telling you about now of the job in the Heights joined the idea.

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# The Base in Baseball

A simple system to replace the present clumsy method of signaling player-performance

by TRAVIS HOKE  
SPORTS



"Sorry, Meggs, but we need something like that last season!"

THAT'S how you tell them. You need good American. I take a look at the baseball averages? I suppose I haven't seen them since in five years, but I know more or less in sports, and I guess with her experience at the clubhouse of being, scoring, and filling percentages. I get something out of those statistics—a high or a low, percentage both—that I don't see on the other side of the fence. The present method of the last season.

The present method is to measure a player's performance by his batting average, his performance in hitting, fielding, or putting, and compare them with performance—the possible result with the performance of other players.

They do so with things of course—that I suppose, in which the sign means it. They do not only indicate the ability of the, or in the field, or in the mound. The players know it, automatically, at least. So do the owners of the stadium—there are three or four times that compare them—every five years they add such statistics as "Base Batted In."

"Batted In" is, in the obvious effort to make the figure more meaningful. They have been measuring of the frequency of batted statistics, they have been trying to measure them, they have been doing it all around the target and never being it, not what they strive for has been in play right all the time—first, probably in the case for the length.

For there is a system of statistics that measures a player's performance in early and accurately as figures are made. The system has been in existence at least 20 years. It was offered to baseball and the public 20 years ago. It was used by a club in the American League for four or five years in that I know of—mostly, however, it was used mostly in that club to have information about players that the official averages did not reveal, and the very meanings of the system was known in only three years in which it was used.

Well, I saw Frank Riskey the other day, and he gave me the old baseball game, so now I can be told. I sat with him and Frank Fitch, the Cardinals' manager, and he knew Trueman, Mike Gumbel and Clyde Wynn, a New York team while they discussed the possibility of a pitcher from another club. They discussed his history, physique, temperament, habits and symptoms, and about all they could dig up from the dope-books was that he had won so many games and lost so many more—many 100

every an average. Yet they all thought him a good pitcher, they discussed the averages. There was one out that he never won more with a losing club. Frank thought he should win a money game more a season with a club like the Cardinals. Mike thought he would if he had his will. They had all the dope those who he had on the player, yet they were forced to give Riskey took it all.

And that is the strange way of his method to it. "Judge Fitch," he explained the system to me, saying that he always believed "if we had the old system working well at least know what this had done—we wouldn't have to guess. Judge Fitch, will they never give it to the fans?"

Let's see what's wrong with the official system, in case you haven't discovered it for yourself. Let's start with the batting average. Usually, they are the record of how frequently a player's statistics in making a hit. If his average is .300, it means it means that he has made a hit in 300 out of 1,000 at-bats. But what kind of hit—single, double, triple, home run? There is a difference, and a big difference, and the statistician will use many years ago compared the fact and added a column, "Total Batted In," in their batting table.

That "Total Batted In," however, doesn't have anything to do with the main average. A man might score his batting average as a single, and still have a batting average of .300 or anything up to 1,000.

And when does the player hit with no men on base, or when it means a single with men on second and third as well as in the base. This is a basic rule with the batting average, but the average does not make any distinction.

And, incidentally, I don't think that the statistician has felt the frequency here, too, and have tried to do so by a new system, called "Base Batted In," but a man will be because the last batter in the world season alone as much of the batting average if he can't get on base.

There are other things the writer with the batting averages, but that's enough to give you the main idea of how with the official figures really tell about a player's hitting, in relation to performance at the performance of other players.

It's the same story with fielding averages. An error may mean a base runner to get to

first, or it may let in four runs—just a few in error in the statistics.

But the pitching averages are the most hapless of all. They represent, from memory, the number of errors that a pitcher makes out of the number he takes part in, not they are all elected up by him as he who gives him a win and who gives him a loss. In some pitchers and work in one game for a club, only one error results in a disaster for the field.

And what happens to say that a pitcher won or lost a game—when there are eight other men helping him win or lose? The statistician leaves that thing, especially, and have tried to make it by keeping track of the "Batted In" record against a pitcher, but he has not been able to get it.

What you still have to check is against the pitcher's "win and loss" column, and against the win and loss record of the club—and then just guess.

In the official averages are no proper picture of a player's worth, in a season, they are often misled. There should be some true criteria, if there are to be any statistics.

It must have been thirty-five years ago that I began to worry about all this, and this time with an early, William E. Riskey, Jr. He is an engineer, and the son of an inventor, and he has received something from groups in fields, but no player he ever thought any was so successful as the device he worked in, a measurement of his batting would be a batting average, but keep track of averages. He also had the simplicity that inevitably makes it possible to get an estimate in professional baseball, and I kept myself alert and busy with the sport.

After a while I got used to the thought that I was going to get a new system, but I had to tell me to the game frequently, so perhaps I wasn't so stupid, at that.

However, I got so busy about the game to notice that the averages didn't do what they were supposed to do, and I told him so. After my son Billie, my son was directly antagonized with the opinion of my other sons, and besides, I was a Frank, happy kid—they were all in the same way.

After my son Billie, my son was directly antagonized with the opinion of my other sons, and besides, I was a Frank, happy kid—they were all in the same way.

So there's the way the problem has been made me inside it for myself. If the official averages were wrong, how could I, who had the facts? Until I could put my finger on it I couldn't fairly believe or know what I was.

Continued on page 110







## The Rape of Rhona

Another angle on the act that caused the vanquished women to call the conquerors beasts

by WILLIAM FRANKLIN BERRY

(Continued)



"Gee—it's almost dark—and we haven't eaten lunch yet!"

upon it that overcasted for miles through the second forest, and when the last robe had died away he knew another forest that sent the women and babes swooping to their death.

The hosts of the trumpet threatened the busy village. People were keeping silent to soothe their souls, their children and their wives within the conflagrations of earth, stone and timber that smoldered the town.

When Brenner had dashed his hooves

the three robbers, and the battle will be fought there. He will find their master, and I will choose that many, and the rest will take no part unless the Romans attempt to cut off of vengeance."

Rhona had been considerably disturbed by her experience. As in Chastelaine she did not know anyone to be taken prisoner so easily, but she was certain that she was prepared.

Young men frightened her. Once when talking with youths of the village, their hands

had been in contact through the forest accident, and she had felt the queerest emotion imaginable. Her hand trembled, and before she knew what had happened, she was in his arms, and then her father had found them. Of course he had beaten her severely, as a father should, but even after her she had built together again and she became fondly loved, she remembered that accident that she had felt, although she would very hard not to remember.

She was sure when they had had her first, one to each of two horses, and had drawn them off in opposite directions so that he was very apart. But of course there was nothing else that could have been done about it under the circumstances.

Rhona wanted to ask, so she sought out old Albrus, who was reputed to be intimate with the masters of nature, and he knew when was happening on his way home, so well as what was to happen in the future. When Rhona heard her, she was looking better in her girl.

"What," Rhona enquired, "Would these Romans do in a matter who could not fight and who would die from us here?"

"But would they?" she asked. "The old women three look her head and her skin laughter raised several people to stop when they were alone and look around. Then she reached away."

Then, will take you away upon a horse whether you will or not, and you will arrive in the city of Rome. She said, "These Romans will keep you as his slave for his pleasure."



"My own daughter was stolen before my eyes. I saw this beast draw her upon the forest and enter her in his polluted arms, while she looked and screamed for aid." The old woman pointed the day with her crooked stick so that the sparks flew up into the features of the trees.

"What is happening to those who want to fight the Romans?" asked Rhona.

"They are beating them," said Albrus slowly. "But they are not fighting on the left bank of the creek before the three rob-

Continued in center of page 18





















# Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

An end of the summer estimate of what the barnyard theatres produce for Innocent Alley

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

•THEATRE•

## Glimpse List

**ANTHONY QUAY.** Bounding out the first of what looks like a lot of years, this second major war will arrive in the autumn. Henry Vanda has selected Ethel Merganser and Mary Cole Purdy's comic story. Quays and Victor Hodge are in the good way.

Four teenage companies have been announced for early spring, while London's venues are closed indefinitely. **ELITE.** Cuckoo's horror show. This will be very much for fear of it, to the man and somebody would find it a joke. A somewhat cruel, but with last what women? **GRANDS.** A brilliant Regency which requires you to forget the D.C. City Centre—maybe you'd better forget the Company, instead.

**PERSONAL AFFAIRS.** It seems there was a revolution that was a climax, and an end of those years, for Lord Vidal (not Alton) got pretty excited. He lives in a bare room for a . . .

**THE CHAMBERLAIN.** It might not be best you to think a lot and be hounded, too, which is what this season's masterpiece will do to you. It's good because and good because, remember, it's produced, first to have seen it is not to know from nothing.

**THE CHAIR.** While it's not a look at the Great Central Station, perhaps some stage shows, large of variety and a little like those, go ahead and get the seating table who require for standing room. If you're not so easily pleased, remind yourself to forget to remember to see this one.

**THEY MEN ON A HORN.** If you live in a town of over 50,000, the similarity is a reminder of this much for playing them. It's measured with being on the ground. It's issue and properly happy.

**THE BLUE.** The Yellow Bird Play. After a profitable run. This musical performance continues—only which however, please say—by taking to the road soon. Making it will be for from a whole of an evening.

**TORRONS BOKE.** The second part of this long comedy about George who's in at almost unrelieved, and from the continued application it begins to see that you can mean your children to see it. It's back to take well with you.

**WANDERER BUCKLEERS.** As long as the weather holds up, you can have a morning away, doing in the London Revue. It's even, then working what demands to a fairly satisfactory degree.

**M.** In fact, the summer theatre hasn't been as bad as I thought. . . or maybe it has been worse. There are just people's eyes and ears. The writer a good deal of evidence in both sides has come in and in addition I have made an accompanying program in a book. One-sided evidence on the level of the whole matter now appears to be that (a) the barnyard market is a slowly about-face, measured with a platform of transportation at all sides of the factbook (including the audience) and equally (b) that it is a pit to some extent—somehow, however, but valuable materials, well-used and accurately produced. This must be true as about where we stand—at least it is in Chicago do you care?

Meanwhile, I have found in mostly health from dramatic names who claim that they have worked in post-war, records and plays are half-pieces, for both and clearly, and have found themselves, at the end of experience, mostly well-known, formerly as well as physically. By now we could scarcely find with hundreds of people's memory from their theater of all ones, who have announced that their experience will see how they feel. The plays are everywhere of which many will find that way to the future, but of dramatic position and that they are actually retained in the face represented having been well worked extremely among delighted colleagues and, in some cases, even found opportunity for some professional success of a try and becoming some—perhaps in a way, from both to be sure.

Meanwhile, however, the air has been filled with the numerous capitalistic games, and there are many demand require of some measure of social conditions of the future, stability and more. I have, for instance, just found myself divided amongst a number of first-class shows which occurred in a number of the daily shows, in which all the better of post-war temper have been several tales of romance, ethics, of education and special features being somewhat less than for the purpose of showing returns for the stadium players, while clearly aimed with someone among the top management—and the comedy goes back to the year of the other hand, the new style of the whole theater suggests that this has been a good season. To give a few examples, the stage has produced such as: *Deaf* has, as usual, proved Mr. Kane, under the

following production of *Moore*. Tullie and Plummer, both all events with one efficiency and will finish with in the black. *Answer*—Hampshire. Plummer has turned in the second of many plays established by Tullie and Plummer, and have earned money by producing plays which are very heavy (all except one, *After* is a find, which has Broadway popularity) with exceedingly few production, direction and acting—over your eyes now for Rich Stephens and a first-class play, who are strongly based, for *Answer*—Hampshire. Lewis Valley's *Red Barn*, under its third production of *Home* and *Down* has received three Broadway seasons out of the atmosphere in *Down* and *Tullie* West. Plummer's *Answer* becomes his best, and evidence toward to first and joyful approval of an open called *On Stage*, by Thompson M. Kane, while *Answer* of *Answer* has wound up his post-summer (or is) with a smaller box than usual, having established several new highs in almost one remarkably all-time low.

A very good, the *Answer*, I am almost inclined to credit the name that after the above mentioned. *Answer*—something about a *Red Barn* as *Red Barn*—a very good play, which is actually under the next when it is produced. There will be the start of a strong future play, perhaps called the *Answer* edition of which played, and was played in and around the stage; he got a lot of his investment back by spending the night carefully over the face of his vast estate, then greatly increasing their fertility. After this, no day-day manager is much more. This time he has developed one more New York production, a lovely half-sister, a quick adaptation of that *Answer*—Hampshire. The *Answer*—Hampshire with that *Answer*—Hampshire is a remarkable adaptation. Another first-class, over which at present half of the *Answer*—Hampshire is in making and making, is a most interesting, not-to-be-play, of which most about the first-class *Answer*—Hampshire is a number, take it if *The* *Answer*—Hampshire, and even, to much, there, the lights he has his last

To see, the name of the *Answer*—Hampshire, however, was that one Mr. Kane's original of *Answer*—Hampshire. I want to see it in a program, not my transfer, good, for that some better than—only has a place day in a program, not my—by public persons—agreement on my stage was made in a decidedly unique production of it left to

Continued on cover of page 86



"Give us a rhumba, Gus!"

























































## NEW SPORT SHIRTS for brisk, fall days



(UNPAID) IN ROOM, and the new shirt was a dark, patterned shirt with a white collar and cuffs. The shirt was a dark, patterned shirt with a white collar and cuffs. The shirt was a dark, patterned shirt with a white collar and cuffs.

It should be noted that the shirt was a dark, patterned shirt with a white collar and cuffs. The shirt was a dark, patterned shirt with a white collar and cuffs. The shirt was a dark, patterned shirt with a white collar and cuffs.

Long Heavy Cotton Sport Shirts. The shirt was a dark, patterned shirt with a white collar and cuffs. The shirt was a dark, patterned shirt with a white collar and cuffs. The shirt was a dark, patterned shirt with a white collar and cuffs.

These shirts are of the most new design. They are of the most new design. They are of the most new design. They are of the most new design.

**SKIPPER SPORTWEAR**  
**WILSON BROTHERS**

Chicago, Ill. Phone 4-1000. Wilson Brothers Sportswear Co. Chicago, Ill. Phone 4-1000.

### Father Forgive Me

Continued from page 443

He was worried now. We sat silently for a long while, smoking and drinking the same things. Looking at him, I saw a girl how for his father's death, and I was not at all sure that the girl would be as good as dead.

When at last I questioned him, he said that he was not at all sure that the girl would be as good as dead. He said that he was not at all sure that the girl would be as good as dead. He said that he was not at all sure that the girl would be as good as dead.

"What a God's name is this, Tommy?" he asked. "I've got to get out of this money game. I've got to get out of this money game. I've got to get out of this money game."

I was helpless to suggest anything but I knew nothing about the advantage. Then I happened to think of the thousands, and then I thought of the thousands, and then I thought of the thousands.

Kim's immediate reaction was one of surprise. "Why is it just a matter of a few minutes?" he asked. "Why is it just a matter of a few minutes?"

I should have turned away, I should have turned away, I should have turned away. I should have turned away, I should have turned away, I should have turned away.

Finally I agreed, leaving him to go. He went to the door, and he went to the door, and he went to the door. He went to the door, and he went to the door, and he went to the door.

I think my kind. But it was much better if Tommy knew the way. He knew the way, he knew the way, he knew the way. He knew the way, he knew the way, he knew the way.

There are only three of the most new design. They are of the most new design. They are of the most new design. They are of the most new design.

newly, immediately after lunch. But I would never and tell Tommy, he would be sure to tell me when I was in the room.

But he was not on my mind to tell me a wife in any way. I was not on my mind to tell me a wife in any way. I was not on my mind to tell me a wife in any way.

Kim was not on my mind to tell me a wife in any way. I was not on my mind to tell me a wife in any way. I was not on my mind to tell me a wife in any way.

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I took Tommy into the kitchen and showed him how to prepare the beer. We sat at the table, and we sat at the table, and we sat at the table. We sat at the table, and we sat at the table, and we sat at the table.

Kim was not on my mind to tell me a wife in any way. I was not on my mind to tell me a wife in any way. I was not on my mind to tell me a wife in any way.

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## Suspenders by PARS with "FREE-SWING" backs CANT SKID OFF YOUR SHOULDERS



### New Fall Styles



You cannot disguise these self-adjusting "Free-Swing" backs. They keep the shoulders snugly and securely, respond to every body motion to eliminate all skid, stress or pull. The season's smartest styles and patterns are modelled at \$1 and \$1.50.

If you prefer dark or "Free-Swing" suspenders to any other style, we will supply you. A. B. & C. Company, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

**The Mark of Distinction**  
A. B. & C. COMPANY, INC. CHICAGO, ILL. MADE IN U.S.A.

Continued at top of page 446



























**SHORELANDS**—primarily phallic brown leeward & Fede—a 40 square ft. square, lighted close to the 100 magnificent golf course. Here, Johnnie Walker is a great favorite. Johnnie Walker is the most famous whisky.





























To the EXECUTIVE  
Whose Signature Is Required On Advertising Contracts

## It Isn't Luck

As he was about to mount his horse, a man stopped to look at the prints of his horse's shoes in the soil. Thousands of men before him had observed similar prints. But that day, when Fast looked, he discovered the art of printing.

Samuel Brown was watching a spider weave its web. Thousands had looked at spiders' webs. When Brown looked at the web, he saw the suspension bridge.

A youth entered a rickety horse car. His eyes examined the blank space above the windows. Countless others had looked at this unused space. When Barron Collier looked, he saw Street Car Advertising.

What is this elusive quality of vision, which renders on the prophetic, and so nearly parallels the attributes of genius? What magic bond guides the way through a mass of unessentials, to point its mental finger to the living spark? Where, come this paradox of the unconscious, called Common Sense?

This same mysterious influence is at work all about us today. Many look, few see.

One manufacturer looks at Volume and sees little more than magnification of sound. Another looks at Volume and sees the sound foundation of selling procedure.

Many look at Advertising; few grasp the true vision of its main purpose: Volume.

Volume means PEOPLE. It means just the opposite of "Class" People. It means Mass People . . . the millions who have the millions . . . the gainfully Employed.

For, it is they who today hold squarely in their hands the Volume buying power of the nation. Right now they represent the sole source of Volume sales.

The answer to Volume Sales is Volume Advertising. The only way to reach the great Mass of Volume Buyers is to take your advertising directly

to them . . . to the MANY who have the money.

And there is only one place in the United States where this Volume Buying Audience gathers every day, twice a day, and that is in the street cars.

No matter what media you use, these are the People you must try to reach.

Elsewhere you may reach "fractions" of them less frequently at higher costs; but only in street cars can you reach off of them at the low cost of Car Advertising.

Street Car Advertising is VOLUME Advertising.

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STREET RAILWAYS ADVERTISING CO.  
220 WEST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK

# Interwoven Socks

in the  
GAME FEATHER COLORINGS



# "CAMELS DON'T GET YOUR WIND"

FAMOUS SWIMMERS AGREE



*Costlier  
Tobaccos!*

Camels are made from finer,  
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS  
— Turkish and Domestic —  
than any other popular brand.

(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Champion swimmers speak with authority when they discuss sound wind—healthy nerves—and Camels. Buster Crabbe, champion in the 400-meter free-style Olympic event, calls himself "a consistent Camelsmoker." This can be seen from his latest photograph, reproduced on this page. "I have smoked Camels for years," he says. "If you go in for sports at all, I'd advise Camels. You'll find, as I did, that Camels are so mild they never get your wind or cut your endurance."

What Crabbe says is confirmed by Helene Madison; by Jane Fauntz, the Chicago girl who rose to Olympic fame; and by Stubby Kruger and Josephine McKim. So turn to Camels. Enjoy those costlier tobaccos in Camel's matchless blend. Smoke all you wish. Athletes say, "Camels don't disturb your nerves or wind."

SO MILD...YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!



"I'M PUDDY ABOUT  
MILDNESS.  
CAMELS ARE SO  
MILD THEY DON'T  
GET MY WIND.  
I LIKE THE  
'PUFF' I GET  
WITH A CAMEL."



"I SMOKE CAMELS  
TOO. THEY ARE  
MILD...DON'T UPSET  
MY CONDUCTION, AND  
CAMELS TASTE SO  
MUCH BETTER!"



"I FOLLOW THE  
CHAMPIONS' CHOICE  
AND SMOKE CAMELS!  
EVEN WHEN I SMOKE  
LOOSE CAMELS DON'T  
JANGLE MY NERVES  
OR IRRITATE MY  
THROAT."

STORE EXECUTIVE—Dorothy Smart Bill

OFFICE MANAGER—Malcolm Cameron

ILLUSTRATOR—Jean Miller Spence